



# Warriors Fanfiction

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## Chapter 1 by reddogz158

They have called me by many names: The Lumberjack, Industrial Girl, Cool Gal. But my name is Reese. All they do is come up with different names to call people by. Some normal, Some crazy. But crazy or not, there's one thing they all have in common: If they mention nature, they mean destroying it. Although now I'm sad to admit that that's what I do. Now I regret doing it. It all started one spring morning.

I was driving the lumbering machine through the trees when a flash blinded me and sent me spiraling out of the vehicle. My head hit a rock and I remembered nothing more. When I woke up, I looked at my hand and that is when it began.

## Chapter 2 by Queuele



Firestar, Sandstorm and Greystripe were on dawn patrol, coming close to the border of Twolegplace, where the smell of unfamiliar kittypets, walking twolegs and the faint stench of dog all collided in a scent of staleness, rot and oil. Nosing around, Firestar picked out the only scent that mattered to him- Princess's. He followed it, nose to the ground to get a better scent. Zigzagging between trees and weaving in and out between tussles of grass, he stopped and turned to his companions.

'This isn't where Princess usually goes,' Sandstorm murmured, voicing Firestar's thoughts anxiously. Over the moons, she had grown fond of the Firestar's kittypet sister, and wanted to protect her from the harm of cruel twolegs and their dogs.

'Maybe she's just gone for a walk with her twolegs,' Greystripe suggested, smelling the air for any fresh scents. Princess's strong, musky scent was mixed in with a pungent twoleg scent.

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'No,' Firestar meowed, also picking up the twoleg scent. 'The twoleg scent is weaker, so they wouldn't have been walking together.' He sniffed again. 'Can you smell something?'

'Yes,' Greystripe answered. 'I smell dogs and twolegs and Princess and-'

'More than that,' Sandstorm inhaled deeper. 'It's like oil and paint. Almost like one of the monsters on the Thunderpath, but more...' She found the word she was looking for. 'Bold. More dirty and raw, somehow.'

'What is it?' Greystripe asked curiously.

'Don't ask me,' Sandstorm shrugged, then shivered as she picked up the threatening scents. 'I don't know what it is, or where it comes from, but it's bad news, I just know it. It gives me a horrible feeling, almost unnatural, like it isn't even alive, but still walking around.'

'Maybe it's a twoleg machine,' Firestar mused. 'But what's it doing out here...'

'..And what is Princess's doing following it?' Sandstorm continued, asking the question that was on everybody's mind.

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